

A Privilege of Peers

A PEER in England cannot be arrested for a civil debt. A curious case is on record where a bailiff was forced by the court to ask the peer's pardon. The excuse was he mistook him for a commoner.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1840, of Nicolo Paganini, one of the most famous of violinists, whose technique was regarded as miraculous. His career was one triumph after another.

Rex Beach's Vivid Love Story

THE AUCTION BLOCK

Illustrated By Charles Dana Gibson

A Graphic Story of Metropolitan Stage Life and a Beautiful Girl's Great Sacrifice.

By Rex Beach.

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset" and Numerous Other Popular Novels.

THE ACTION SO FAR.

Lorelei Knight, a beautiful young girl, has been brought up in a rural community by a scheming mother, who sees in her good looks possible means to obtain affluence for herself, her weak husband and her worthless son. Peter Knight, the father, has just lost his job and has been offered a small clerkship in New York City by a political leader who owes him a service. Mrs. Knight informs him that she has arranged for him to accept and that Lorelei is fitted by face and figure to go into one of the musical revues there. Her freshness and beauty win her the admiration of theatergoers. A famous critic is sent to interview her and finds her unaffected and frankly taking gifts from men and turning them over to her family. She attends a banquet given by a big steel operator named Hammon.

"YOU'll pardon us for whispering, won't you, Miss Knight? You see, Lila got up this little party, and I've been waiting to consult her about some of the details. Of course, she was late, as usual. However"—he ran an admiring eye over the two girls—"the time wasn't wasted, I see. My! How lovely you both look!" Taking an arm of each, he swept them toward a reception room from which issued noisy laughter.

"Awfully good of you to come, Miss Knight. I hope you'll find my friends agreeable and enjoy yourself."

Perhaps twenty men in evening clothes and as many elaborately gowned young women were gossiping and smoking as the last comers appeared. Some one raised a vigorous complaint at the host's tardiness, but Hammon laughed a rejoinder, then gave a signal, whereupon folding-doors at the end of the room were thrown back. From within an orchestra struck up a popular rag-time air, and those nearest the banquet hall moved toward it. A girl whom Lorelei recognized as a fellow-member of the Revue danced up to her escort with arms extended, and the two

turkey-trotted into the larger room.

Hammon was introducing two of his friends—one a languid, middle-aged man who was curled up in a deep chair with a cigarette between his fingers; the other a large-featured person with a rumbling voice. The men had been arguing earnestly, oblivious of the confusion around them, but now the former dropped his cigarette, uncoiled his long form, and, rising, bowed courteously. His appearance as he faced Lorelei was prepossessing, and she breathed a thanksgiving as she took his arm.

Hammon clapped the other gentleman upon the shoulder, crying: "The rail market will take care of itself until tomorrow, Hannibal. What is more to the point, I saw your supper partner flirting with 'Handsome Dan' Avery. Better find her quick."

Lorelei recognized the deep-voiced man as Hannibal C. Wharton, one of the dominant figures in the Steel Syndicate; she knew him instantly from his newspaper pictures. The man beside her, however, was a stranger, and she raised her eyes to his with some curiosity. He was studying her with manifest admiration, and despite the fact that his lean features were cast in a sardonic mold.

"It is a pleasure to meet a celebrity like you, Miss Knight," he murmured. "All New York is at your feet, I understand. I'm deeply indebted to Hammon. Blessings on such a host!"

"Oh, don't be hasty. You may dislike me furiously before the evening is over. He does things in a magnificent way, doesn't he? I'm sure this is going to be a splendid party."

As they entered the banquet hall she gave a little cry of pleasure, for it was evident that Hammon, noted as he was for a lavish expenditure, had outdone himself this time. The whole room had been transformed into a bower of roses, great, climbing bushes, heavy with blooms; masses of cool, green ivy hid the walls from floor to ceiling and were supported upon cunningly wrought trellises through which hidden lights glowed softly. In certain nooks gleamed marble

Older Than Methuselah



DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY

A Realistic Romance of Poverty and Millions

statuettes so placed as to heighten the effect of space and to carry out the idea of a Roman garden.

The table, a horseshoe of silver and white, of glittering plate and sparkling cut-glass, faced a rustic stage which occupied one end of the room; occupying the inner arc of the half-circle was a wide but shallow stone fountain, upon the surface of which floated large-leaved Egyptian pond lilies. Fat-bellied goldfish with filmy fins, and tails like iridescent wedding trains, propelled themselves indolently about. Two dimpled cupids strained at a marble cornucopia, out of which trickled a stream of water, its whisper drowned now by the noisy admiration of the guests.

Costly Decorations.

But the surprising feature of the decorating scheme was not apparent at first glance. Through the bewildering riot of greenery had been woven an almost invisible netting, and the space behind formed a prison for birds and butterflies. Where they had come from or at what expense they had been procured it was impossible to conceive. But, disturbed by the commotion, the feathered creatures twittered and fluttered against the netting in a panic which drew attention to them even if it did not wholly convey the illusion of a woodland scene. As for the butterflies, no artificial light could deceive them, and they clung with closed wings to leaves and branches, only now and then displaying their full glory in a sleepy protest. There were scores, hundreds of them and the diners passed in review of the spectacle like country visitors before the glass tanks of the Aquarium. A strident shriek sounded as a gorgeously caparisoned peacock preened himself; others were discovered here and there, brilliant hues specimens, voicing shrill indignation.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

In Debt.

JUST paying all my monthly bills is not a mighty feat; but still, I get a lot of thrills when making both ends meet. The grocer's statement is no joke, and when the first is gone I often find myself flat broke, my trusty watch in pawn. I somehow manage to get by and dodge the county jail, though as I puff along in high I envy Mr. Snail. I long with a consuming wish to try the cent-a-week life, but like a million more poor fish, I'm cast for active stunts. When bill collectors pester me, remarking: "Please re-

mit!" presenting many a little fee and asking many a jilt, of course, I'm in an awful plight, and yet I don't despair; I haven't any cash in sight, but it must come, somewhere. It's sometimes hard, yet I pay for fuel, light and food; the debts I cannot clear away are love and gratitude. It seems I cannot give enough for kindness and cheer, for when my road is extra rough, good friends are always near. When winds are blowing from the East and everything goes wrong, when I'm expecting help the least, it's sure to come along. For all the comfort folks bestow I'd like to pay in full, but doubtless I will always owe, however hard I pull. These are the debts I cannot pay; the best that I can do is watch for others on the way who need like kindness, too. So, when a friend brings light and song with some unsung fish, dear, I try to pass that cheer along to more who are in need. To owe for eats or diamond rings would surely make me fret; but for a host of splendid things I'll always be in debt.

PHYSIQUE AND FOOD

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THE size of a man's body is greatly influenced, in a racial sense, by the kind and amount of food he eats. The nations which consume fairly large but not excessive amounts of meat in addition to an adequate quantity of other essential food-stuffs, for example, the Swedes, attain to unusual physical development.

In Africa there is a tribe known as the Watussi, possessing extensive herds of animals and rich pasture lands. These people are noted for their great physical development and height.

On the other hand, the natives of Dahomey, also in Africa, are small and shriveled in physique. Their food is very poor and in order to get meat they have to fatten and eat dogs.

Now there is a curious fact about meat eating. When tribes are found subsisting upon meat exclusively, or almost exclusively, such as the African dwarfs known as the Batwa and the Wambuti, and also the Eskimo, growth is hindered and low stature is noted. It is only when the meat supplements a good general diet that it favors a high degree of development. This fact accounts for the fine physical types in any community. Against the physically exploited masses of Europe one sees the tall patrician families. Such differences in a people betray a bad social order.

An investigator named Chalmers Watson found that the thyroid gland of rats and chickens fed only upon meat became degenerated. In fact, eight out of fourteen rats remained alive after an experiment lasting eight months, and none of them grew at all.



Not A Blemish
Gouraud's Oriental Cream

EVE and the ladies who waded through the palm-trees and to their "sassafras tea"—who wore their loose locks belted round with a crown of flowers or grasses, who wore grass petticoats set with roses and hung with gourds and pumpkin heads, who carried their babies with them on one hip, like small compact sacks of flour or sugar—these little brown ladies squatted in the warm grass and chattered like a treeful of birds, and out of the clatter of tongues would now and then that old little phrase that must be half-smothered to give it its true meaning, "My dear, I thought I'd die!" And with it for sauce, pink-palmed hands were turned up and back, sloe eyes were cast to the celestial spaces and red mouths were made into O's.

The barbarian, the sweetheart and wife, rather, of that long-haired gentleman said it, too. She went in woven wool and skin shoes, in gold and beaten silver armlets, heavy golden torques about her neck; she wore her long blond hair streaming loose and long, or tied in a knot on top of her head with the waving ends falling down by ear and shoulder, like a silken duster.

She clothed her baby in one little shirt. She lived in a house of woven wood, tree branches and great stones. Her husband wore great horns, feathers, or a round casque on his head. His hair, too, was long and golden and his mustache was as long that it sometimes had rings on its ends. And she, too, sat by her fire, lading out a broth that was her afternoon tea, to her woolen and gold-clad guests. And while she ladled, one of them, with great perseverance,

drowned out the voices of the others, and cried: "My dear, I thought I'd die!" Of course, the words were not English, but the accent was in the very same place—on DIE!

Mrs. Brown, or Black, or White, she leans luxuriously in her neat window sill, her white, crisp kitchen curtains blowing around her fat shoulders, her hair polished back from a high, sleek brow. Inside her oven a pumpkin pie simmers sweetly, while outside, with her fringed white and crimson and golden hollyhocks brushing in the gentle summer wind against their dresses, stand Flossy and Mamie, the sun glittering on their long ear-rings and their sleek, puffed hair and their discreetly pink cheeks. And while they chew gum devotedly, they give utterance to the old, old phrase—older than Methuselah, a whole lot—"My dear, I thought I'd die!"

Pompador pushed her bosom friend with a dainty, ribbon-wristed, rouge-tipped, lily-white hand, on her satin-ribbed arm, and while she pushed, her silver laughter rang like a little chime of bells and she said in fervid French, "Ma chérie, or 'Mon dieu, I believe that it would be I should be dead!"

And our flapper and our flapper's mama, and even our flapper's gran'-ma-ma, huddled gracefully over their tea, their hair cut short like a certain tribe of Indians, on the Mojave desert—they are slightly pigeon-toed—they, too, all say it with an attenuated drawl, "My dyah—I really, really—thought I should DIE!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

HOW FAST DOES THOUGHT TRAVEL?

By Garrett P. Serviss

MISS J. P. T., of Brownsville, Pa., is interested in the question: "How our brains can think, and what is the velocity of our thoughts?" She would like also to know "whether there is any difference between a well-developed brain and an ignorant one in thinking velocity."

In what sense shall we understand "the velocity of our thoughts?" In the sense of those who affirm that thought is transferable from brain to brain—in which case it would resemble radiation of energy, such as that which we call light-waves, or electric waves, or in the sense of rapidity of action in the brain itself.

If we take it in the first of these senses, it could not, in accordance with recent physical speculation, have a greater velocity than that of light, which is regarded as the absolute maximum.

So it would take about one second and two-sevenths to send your thoughts to the moon; eight and one-third minutes to send them to the sun; five and one-half years to send them to Sirius; and 220,000 years to send them as far as that marvelous cluster of giant stars gleaming on the as yet farthest reached verge of the stellar universe that is known by the cabalistic sign-name "NGC 3608."

thought essentially depends upon nerve force at all. Unquestionably it is only through nerve force that thought can be translated into action, and if thought is, itself, nothing more than reaction to a stimulus which either enters the brain from without or originates by physical action in the brain itself, then the speed of nerve force may be a controlling factor. In that case the velocity of thinking may be defined as the time rate of mental apprehension.

How quickly can you seize a new idea, and how long does it take you to unfold it and extract its inner meaning? It is difficult to measure such a thing except in a general, comparative manner. How many ideas can you grasp at a time, and how much longer does it take you to grasp two than one? You have perhaps noticed that some of your acquaintances "think quicker" than you do, and some "think slower." Do those whose mental grasp is the most rapid get as good a hold of the idea as do others whose minds seem to work more slowly? If they do not, their quick thinking may, after all, be only a blundering rush, and it may turn out that the seemingly slower thinker has the greater average thinking velocity.

Of course all this does not answer the question: "What is the velocity of our thoughts?" But I am trying to show that in the nature of things a definite numerical answer to that question cannot be given. Nerve force is said to travel as fast as 200 feet per second, but can we say that that limits the rapidity with which thought acts?

People sometimes say: "Why, thought is plainly instantaneous. In the twinkling of an eye my

mind can travel to the utmost boundary of the universe. But this is an illusion. To your mental operations physical distance offers no obstacle. Your thought about the border of the universe is formed right in your brain; there its image is created. The mind does not have to go out to that immense distance. The thought of which is formed at home. The distance would only come into play as a factor in the formation of the thought in case, as in our first alternative, the force giving rise to the thought had to travel over that distance like a ray of light.

Yet, one does not like—at least I do not like—to try to put physical givens upon thought. "Thought is free." In every sense it is free. If physical stimuli awake it, they do not create it. When the brain is most active thought is most restrained and kept in a channel. There is where the power of concentration comes into play.

LIKE CLOUDS ACROSS A SUMMER SKY

foretelling the dreaded storm are the symptoms of women's diseases which point the way to physical and mental breakdown. The nervous irritability, the backache, the dragging pains, are not only hard to endure, but they bring certain knowledge of collapse unless something is done to relieve the sufferer. There is one standard remedy which has shown the way out for nearly fifty years. The women who have "come back" through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound present an argument stronger than words could ever be.

Advice To Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Free to Make Friends.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some months ago an intimate friend and myself met two young ladies. My friend went out with one and I with the other, always together. After going five months with this young lady I left her. I always regretted not having taken my friend's sweetheart at the beginning, as I cared more for her. My friend, meanwhile, still was going out with his sweetheart until last week, when they, too, separated. I did not think of this lady my friend had been going out with until last week I met her, and we had a heart-to-heart talk. This girl cared for me and I reciprocated, but we did not know what to do. I would, therefore, ask you to advise us.

M. B.

THERE is no question of "betraying" your friends. After all, you and your sweetheart separated long ago. And the other girl and your friend quarreled, without any cause or offense on your part. So now, why shouldn't you be free to make friends with this girl who attracts you?

Foolish Misunderstanding.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Sixteen months ago I had a misunderstanding with a young man for whom I cared more than I have ever cared for anyone else. Although he had never in-

terfered with me, he went with no other girl and came to my home from three to six times a week, when he seemed perfectly "at home" with my whole family.

After our misunderstanding, of which neither he nor I know the cause, he moved to another city. He frequently comes back for week-ends and holidays and confides in my best girl friend that he still loves me and is absolutely miserable.

What can I do? BLCE EYES.

WHY don't you write this man a frank note and ask him to see you the next time he comes to town. If the misunderstanding was trivial, a talk will probably brush away all the foolish barriers erected by pride and sensitiveness. Don't hold your pride higher than your happiness. In any event, a real man won't hesitate to give you the satisfaction of an interview which he will be sure to feel is your due.

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